

THREW HIS WIFE OVERBOARD IN A GALE OFF CAPE HORN

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==BY MISTAKE.



IVERPOOL, Dec. 10. — A tragedy of the sea, unique in its cruelty and horror, is reported in letters and cable dispatches received from the chief actor in it.

Captain Davies threw his own wife overboard into the raging gale of Cape Horn in a mistaken attempt to save her life.

It was only his zeal to put his beloved one in a place of safety, while his own ship was in peril, that caused him to take her life. With his own hands he lifted her up and placed her—not as he thought on the deck of a sound and friendly ship, but into the devouring seas in the midst of the most furious storm that has raged around the terrible Horn for years.

A human mind cannot conceive a more awful position than that of this sea captain who has taken with his own hands the life that was most dear to him on earth. Such a case, the sailors say, has never before been heard of. If the captain had lost his own life in the storm he would only have met the death which every good sailor must face whenever the necessity arises. But Captain Davies has the bitterness of knowing that he is alive and well, and that his wife lies at the bottom of the ocean, put there by his own act. He is mad with grief and longs for death.

Captain Davies is the commander and managing owner of the British bark Glen Erlich. She last sailed from Newcastle-on-Tyne, England, bound for Valparaiso, Chili. The captain took with him his young wife and child. She was in rather delicate health and her husband thought that a voyage which would take her away from the fierce English winter and into the balmy climate of tropical South America would do her a great deal of good.

They had a splendid voyage. Davies was a fine captain and he had a stout, swift ship. His wife's health improved as soon as they crossed the northern tropic. Her

How Capt. Davies Lovingly Hurled His Own Wife Into the Antarctic Sea.

Extract from the Captain's Letter to His Mother, Mrs. Davies, of Mold, North Wales.

"I was about ten o'clock at night when the Balmoral struck us. The first mate called me out of my cabin, and as soon as I got on deck I saw that she had run into us amidships and that the chances were we should sink immediately.

"You may suppose, my dear mother, that my first thoughts were for Emily and the boy. Good God! had I brought them away from our home to expose them to a miserable death like this! The thought almost made me lose my head.

"Then I saw that the Balmoral was still sticking to us just where she struck. Her bowsprit was over our deck, and that seemed likely to hold her to us.

"As she was coming head on when she struck us amidships I thought she was probably but little damaged, and those on board her would probably be safe. There lay my only chance of saving Emily and the boy.

"Without wasting a minute for fear I might be too late, I ran to the cabin, and taking up Emily in my arms, I ran back to the side of the ship with her. Bracing myself on the main rigging, I threw her as far as I could on the deck of the Balmoral. The night was pitch dark, and hail and snow and freezing spray were driving straight into my eyes, but I could make out lights and figures on the other ship, and I felt sure that her bow was right in front of me.

"When I turned to run back to the cabin to get Tommy I heard Emily scream, but I never dreamed she had not landed all right on the other ship's deck.

"When I got back with the boy half a minute later I found that the Balmoral had drifted away and I couldn't make out her lights any more. We expected to sink every moment, but then we found that the Glen Erlich was not as badly hurt as we had been afraid.

"To make a long story short, my dear mother, we put back to Montevideo, and there the first thing I did was to cable the Balmoral for news of Emily. I got word at once that she was not on board and that nothing was seen of her during the collision.

"Oh, God! then the real truth flashed on me. I had thrown her overboard. That cry I heard in the storm was the last sound she made before she fell into the sea. It will ring in my ears forever. How I could have made this blunder I cannot imagine. I had not even a suspicion of it at the time.

"The feeling that I have taken her life with my own hands will haunt me to my dying day. I do not know how I can live and keep my senses under this feeling. Heaven strengthen me for the sake of the boy."

presence and that of their child made the ship cheerful and homelike. The sailors were careful of their personal appearance and that of the ship. All went as merrily as a wedding bell.

As the ship neared the southern end of South America they sailed out of the genial warmth. Down there you catch the icy breath of the South Pole. The captain cheered his shivering wife by telling her of the good time they would have when they reached Valparaiso, the lovely Chilean city, in the neighborhood of which you can find any climate you like at any season of the year.

As the weather grew colder the sea became rougher. At last they reached Cape Horn, where the storms rage for ever and ever. In the very calmest weather known there the rolling waves are so tremendous that they will wreck the strongest ship if she be not steered skilfully. When a sailing vessel goes round the Horn they do not dare to leave one man at the helm, for if he were to turn and look back at the mountains wave he would be so awestruck that he would lose control of the wheel, let the ship fall into the trough of the wave, and so wreck her. Therefore they put two or three men together that they may encourage one another in face of the dreadful forces of nature.

The Glen Erlich ran into a terrible storm near the Horn. The south wind blew straight from the Antarctic ice fields. The waves and spray were flung over the ship in such masses that it was like sailing under a salt Niagara. She only carried storm trysails—enough sail to steer with.

One night the storm was at its worst and the Glen Erlich was groping her way along in utter darkness. Decks, sails and rigging were coated with ice. The men on the lookout, frozen and half blinded, could hardly see the end of the bowsprit. In the captain's cabin Mrs. Davies and her child were huddled over a cheerful coal fire, frightened by the noise without but thankful that they were safe inside a good ship with the best of commanders.

Suddenly there was a crash that chilled every heart. A shiver ran through the Glen Erlich. Another ship had collided with her.

Imagine the utter anguish and despair of the sailor, who, when he needs all his strength to live out the storm, finds himself driven to destruction by the hands of his fellow men. Every man on the Glen Erlich felt that anguish and despair when the strange ship struck her, but the captain suffered more than any of them, for he had his dear wife and child in his keeping. Yet the agony of that first moment

of terror was not to be compared to that which he was soon to endure.

The other ship sprang out of the darkness like a phantom demon and struck the Glen Erlich almost as soon as she was seen. She struck her amidships—right in her most vital part.

No one doubted that such an injury meant the loss of the Glen Erlich with everybody on board. It was a matter of minutes, perhaps of seconds. In the calmest weather it would probably have sunk her. Now it meant sudden obliteration.

Captain Davies realized all this more keenly than any one, for he had more intelligence and greater responsibilities. Merciful heavens! how could he save his wife and child? In an instant he saw the only hope.

The other ship lay with her bow against the Glen Erlich's broken side and her bowsprit across the deck. The two ships rose and fell on the tremendous seas like

enormous wounded monsters locked in a death grip.

The strange ship, having struck bow on, would probably be uninjured, and those on board her would be safe. That was the thought that flashed through Captain Davies' mind. He ran into the cabin and seized his wife. He is a big, powerful man. Holding her in his arms he sprang on the bulwarks, supported himself by the main rigging, and threw his wife, as he supposed, on to the deck of the other ship. Her bowsprit was sticking over his own ship, and her bow, it seemed to him in the blinding spray and darkness, was right in front of him.

As he turned away he thought no more of a strike. It might have been from his wife crying out because she had left him to destruction. More likely it was the wind.

Without losing an instant he turned back to the cabin for his child. When he re-

turned to the deck he found that the other ship was no longer lying by the Glen Erlich. She had slipped away and was already out of sight.

During the collision some one on the Glen Erlich asked who the stranger was and received the answer:

"Bark Balmoral."

Everybody on the Glen Erlich thought it was his last moment. Then it was found that the ship had not really received so fatal an injury as had been supposed. A miracle had happened. The Balmoral had a very overhanging bow, was high in the water and had struck the Glen Erlich so that she cut into her only near deck.

Even with this injury Captain Davies decided that he could not proceed on his way, and so he put back to Montevideo for repairs. He was in good spirits, poor man, for he believed that he had not only saved his ship, but his wife. He only needed news of her to make him perfectly happy.

When he reached Montevideo he ascertained the whereabouts of the Balmoral, and at once cabled to the captain for news of his wife. He received word that his wife was not on the Balmoral, and that no woman had been found on that ship after the collision.

Then Captain Davies realized the meaning of that shriek, to which at the time he had paid so little attention. He had thrown his own wife overboard.

The strong sailor wept and was almost driven to insanity by his grief. All his friends and acquaintances declare that his love for his wife was of the deepest kind, and that he was a man who would feel to the fullest extent the results of his unspeakably tragic blunder.

Captain Davies had his home at Mold, in North Wales, and it is in letters and cable despatches to his mother and relatives there that he has told of this tragedy.

Electric Light Hair Restorer.

To restore your hair to its youthful gloss and luxuriance, hold your head under an incandescent electric light. This is the latest revelation of science. The popular idea that electric light destroys hair is all wrong, says a bright St. Louis woman, Miss J. I. Lea, who has done some wonderful experimenting of late.

She declares that electric light being very nearly like sunlight, has the same effect upon the scalp. People who take to an outdoor life, especially in the tropics where sunshine is most brilliant, find the hair growing luxuriantly on the head and becoming thicker on the hands, arms and neck.

Miss Lea says that almost any case of baldness in men or hair falling out in women can be cured in from two to twelve months. Her directions are to keep the scalp strictly clean and to sit for an hour or two each day just beneath an incandescent lamp. It is well to have a sound green shade over the electric light, so as to focus its full power upon the head. A further suggestion by this hair expert is that the general system be toned up by fresh air and exercise and that reasonable results in hair growth may then be expected.

New Paperhanging Machine.

A German inventor with the ingenuity of a Yankee has invented a paperhanging machine. It consists of a roll, upon which the roll of paper is placed, and a paste receptacle with a brushing convenience is attached in such a manner that the paste is applied automatically on the back of the paper. The end of the wall paper is fixed at the bottom of the wall, and the implement rises on the wall in such a manner as only to require that it be set by one workman. The paper, as it unrolls, is held flat against the wall and an elastic roller follows on the outside, which presses it firmly and with exact smoothness to the wall. The final operation is when the wall paper reaches the top, the workman now pulling a cord, whereby the paper is cut off from the roll.